

amples" set by commanding officers in the field, who constituted themselves the last reviewing authority, was that of a quarter-breed Seminole Indian who, enlisting in the United States army, endeavored & betray the brave little band of Maj. Dade to the hostile reds in the everglades of Florida. The story of this execution and of the circumstances leading to it is but little more to-day than an army tradiwhole thing being involved in much mystery. Not long after the shooting of the quarter-breed, Dade's entire command was annihilated by the Seminoles.

Almost the only thing on public view to-day which recalls that tragedy of the swamps, is plain white marble shaft, which rises at West Point not far from Kosciusko's garden, to commemorate the death of Dade and of his 200 intrepld followers.

Osceola, the chief of the Seminoles, saw a number of his subordinate leaders sign a treaty with the whites, by which the Indians' land was to be given up. Osceola, asked to sign the paper, stepped forward, drew his hunting knife and stuck its blade through the document and deep into the desk upon which it iny. "There is my signature," he said, and strode from the room. From that Instant war was on. One of the witnesses of this fearless act was the soldier whose blood was one-quarter Indian. It stirred in him an admiration for Osceola that made him swear to himself later to aid the Indian chief's cause.

A familiarity with the country on the part of the quarter-breed led Dade to select him as guide. The soldier led the command straight to an ambush, which was discovered by a fortunate circumstance, Just in time to save the command from the annihilation which, however came later. There was a drumhead court martial. The guide was sentenced to be shot at sunrise. His last request was granted. He removed from his person all signs of the uniform of the United States. He put on leggings and hunting shirt of deerskin. Then this man, three-quarters white and only onequarter red, sang the death song of the Seminole incians, and died with five builets in his breast.

If a rean will picture to himself the sensation that there would have been in the United States if Admiral Dewey had strung up to the yardarm "until he was dead," the son of the secretary of war, on the charge of mutiny, and had done this without communicating with the authorities at Washington, he may get some adequate idea of the excitement of the Ameriean people in the year 1842, when it was learned that Capt. Alexander Slidell Mackenof the brig Somers, had hanged Ensign Phillip Spencer, the son of President Tyler's secretary of war, John C. Spencer.

This execution took place on the high seas, and with Engign Spencer were hanged Ordi-Small, and Boatswain's Mate anev Sec.

ers, Spencer had been on a vessel in the south Atlantic squadron, and while there had become involved in some practices which secured his removal from his vessel. He was saved from dismissal from the service by sheer force of his father's political influence. was ordered to Capt. Mackenzie's brig, that officer objected to the assignment, saying that he had no use for the "base son of an honored father." Spencer went along, however, and for a while behaved himself fairly well. There were 12 officers on the brig with a crew of 12 able seamen, and about 90 apprentice boys. The Somers' destination was the African coast, where it was to aid in the protection of American commerce. When it was about half way across it was noticed that Spencer was hobnobbing with the crew; that he was giving some of the men money, and others brandy and tobacco.

One night a seaman named Wales imparted secretly to Mackenzie the details of a plot concocted by Spencer to murder all the officers and to seize the brig for the purpose of entering upon a career of piracy. The story that Wales told was so horrible in its outlines that Capt. Mackenzie treated it at first with ridicule, but the actions of certain members of the crew soon showed that there was something in the wind. The officers held a consultation and agreed that Spencer's arrest was imperative. The crew was assembled at evening quarters, when the son of the secretary of war was arrested. Upon his person was found the details of the plan for killing the officers, seizing the ship and the throwing overboard of the younger apprentices, whom the paper referred to as "useless biscult consumers." The document was written entirely in Greek, Spencer being a classical scholar. Luckly there was another officer on board who read the lan-

After the selting of Spencer, many of the crew became disobedient, sullen and mutinous in action. Then Capt. Mackenzle ordered the arrest of Small and Cromwell. After this the sullen ones among the crew behaved worse than ever. The officers held a consultation, was agreed that unless an example were set, the Somers would meet the fate of the Hounty. They signed a recommendation that the three ringleaders be hanged at the yardarm. The three culprits were strung up, Spencer and Small confessing their guilt, and saying that they deserved their fate. When the Somers reached New York, Capt. Mackenzle communicated with the navy department. A court of inquiry was ordered and he was cleared of any blame. In spite of this fact, his chief, the secretary of the navy, ordered his arrest on the charge of murder. He was tried and acquitted by a board of officers, and President Tyler approved the verdict.

After the close of the civil war, Can. Custer

Instead of this OSCEOLA . CHIEF OF the back from his superiors, however, Custer was ofuered min with ing his authority in the field. It was declared at the time that Custer had ordered a detail of men under a non-commissioned officer to go out from camp and bring back some men who having secured some liquor, were having a jollification at a distance, on the prairie. It was charged that he gave the sergeant certain orders which were carried out, and they were of a nature to anger the authorities Despite Custer's magnificent career in the civil war, this taking of the law into his own hands was not condoned, and he was sentenced by a court martial to two years' suspension from rank, pay and command.

The army execution most pathetic in detail and surroundings, and yet which was wholly justifiable apparently by the circumstances, was the shooting of Private C. B. Henry, by order of Lieut. Greely, in the far north. Greely's party was starving to death. Its condition was getting more terrible each day. few shrimps and a little edible moss was all that the explorers could get to sustain life. Some of the men were already dead from starvation. Henry was detected on several occasions stealing more than his share of food. He was warned three times, and his offense was condoned. The other members of the party saw Henry gaining in strength day by day, while they weakened with starvation. Then once more he was detected stealing food Greely wrote out an order of execution, loaded three rifics, two with ball, and one with blank cartridge, and gave the weapons with the death warrant, to three men. An hour later, from far over the ice floe came the reports of three rifles. Henry was dead. After the rescue the report of the execution was sent to Washington. One of the shortest orders ever issued from the war department was the answer: "No court of inquiry necessary. R. C. Drum, adjutant general."

When the second sergeant in charge of recruits at Fort Myer, Virginia, called the reveille roll one day, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, he dwelt mementarily on the last name in the list, the name of a man now dead. The recruit who answered, "Here," on that morning, as a private in the ranks, was an elderly man, a West Point graduate, an ex-United States engineer officer, and an ex-United States paymaster. He is dead, I believe, and he shall be nameless here, for he lived down his past and fought for his country in an attempt to redeem his career. I have said that he shall be nameless, but I will call him Williams.

It is hard to define just what was passing in Williams' mind while the sergeant in the gray light of the Virginia morning was running

During Williams' career as a paymaster, the troops were paid every 60 days, and the sum of his actual duties comprised possibly four or five short railroad trips, or at worst, a few stage trips, taking up about five days of every two months. He was "Williams" to all his equals and superiors in rank, and "Major" to all his juniors, and he was an honored guest at every army social affair.

Private Williams, Third cavalry, Fort Myer, Va., met the major of his squadron. The ma for and he walked post together at West They may have been the most intimate friends. In the army it is possible that they messed together. Private Williams looked at his major, his right went to his cap in the salute which every inferior must pay to his superior in rank. The salute is returned formally, and Private Williams and the major have passed each other as if they never met before, and had never heard of each other.

Private Williams, in attending stable call, groomed his horse under the eye of a second Heutenant who was unborn when Williams wore the shoulder straps of an engineer officer. It may be that the stripling soldier, meanly inclined, some day may have spoken harshly to the veteran. By going back into the ranks for the express purpose of doing what he could to redeem his past, Williams showed that he was one of the kind who will suffer and make no sign.

It is possible that the man grooming his steed on Williams' right or left may have been some veteran soldier who at one time served under his command. There probably Private Williams did not look in vain for sympathy and help

Private Williams' club life of former years, his short hours, and his luxurious living as a staff officer gave place to a routine which included rising at six o'clock, breakfast of hash, coffee and bard bread at 6:30, and drill and fatigue work for the rest of the day. There was wood sawing, rubbish raking and ditch digging for Private Williams, and it may be that some of this work was done by Private Williams within full range of the windows of his major's quarters, where his mental toll was seen by women with whom in the dead years he danced or dined.

For 18 years Williams' career in civil life had been above reproach. He had stood much when, in certain places, the history of his wrong-doing leaked out, but the hardest struggle of his life was to come. His squadron went to the Philippine Islands, and there, under the eyes of scores of his old army chums, Private Williams worked to win on the field of battle the credit which would restore him to that place in man's ranks from which a court martial of his fellows once deposed him.

New Tonic Mixture.

At this season many people especially old folks need a tonic appetizer which will also relieve kidney and bladder troubles and strengthen the blood and tissues. A well known physician claims there is nothing superior as a winter tonic to the following taken three cars times daily in tablesmont. three to six times daily in tablespoon-ful doses. To a half-pint of good whiskey add one ounce compound fluid batmwort and one ounce compound syrup sarsaparilla.

I once visited a very rough boom town in Oregon, near Cottage Grove. in the leading saloon a man in a red

shirt said to me: "Ye wanter carry yerself almighty straight in these parts, stranger. Go wrong the least mite and, by crinus, we'll lynch ye as quick as look at ye."

I smiled. Would you lynch me," I asked, "if

killed a dog?" "Would we?" he snorted. "Why, stranger, we've lynched fellers here for killin' Chinamen!"

## **BOY TORTURED BY ECZEMA**

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with eczema. He could neither sit still nor lie quietly in bed, for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching with his nails and that only made them worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema seemed to spread. It started in a small place on the lower extremities and spread for two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee.

"Finally I got Cuticura Soan Cuttcura Ointment and Cuticura Pills and gave them according to directions. I used them in the morning and that evening, before I put my boy to bed, used them again and the improvement even in those few hours was surprising, the inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventeenth year and he has never had a return of the eczema.

"I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on the child just as they did on my son and it has never returned. I would recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone. Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1823 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1909.

Cruel.

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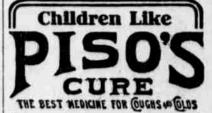
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